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### Mount Vernon Democratic Banner November 16, 1858

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# Mount Vernon Democrat Banner

VOLUME 22.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO: TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1858.

NUMBER 30.

The Mt. Vernon Democrat Banner,  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,  
BY L. HARPER.

Office in Woodward's Block, Third Story.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance; \$2.50 within six months; \$3.00 after the expiration of the year. Clubs of twenty, \$1.50 each.

## Choice Poetry.

### THE NOBLEMAN OF EARTH.

The nobleman of earth,  
Who loves to be loved,  
The first companion of the good,  
The hero of the free,  
Who works undaunted for the poor,  
Who sees no rank in names;  
Whose hopes ascend to heaven in clouds,  
As sparks fly up from flames!

Give me that nobleman of mind,  
Who loves a noble cause;  
The right of labor's sturdy sons,  
And freedom's righteous laws!  
The haier of each evil scheme  
A tyrant may advance;  
A giant's strength about his heart,  
Thoughts brilliant in his glance!

I love the nobleman of earth,  
Who strives to bless the age;  
And leaves a glory that is caught  
On history's faithful page!  
Whose name the millions love to lip,  
Truth's sure undimmed guest;  
Who shines in love as does the sun  
In palace of the West!

He's deathless as the mighty skies,  
When jeweled through with stars;  
Could feel God's beauty in a blaze  
Burst through his prison bars!  
No mandate from the tyrant breaks  
His spirit's upward bound;  
While high on every liberal creed  
His name is blazoned round!

And perjured kings may pass from earth,  
Their pomp and lustre fade;  
But nature's nobles undergo  
The cruel laws they've made.  
His worshipful monarch is his God,  
He leaves a name behind,  
Flashed with effulgence that reflects  
His majesty of mind!

## Literary Miscellany.

### MARRIED LOVE-MAKING; —OR— WHO COULD HAVE BELIEVED IT?

A SKETCH FROM THE FRENCH.

There lived in Vienna, a young man of rank and fortune, who bore a strong resemblance to many other men of that and every city, for he was the dupe to all the follies of fashion and high life. He combined a flexible heart with a handsome person; it had cost his mother a great deal of trouble to make him what is called a puppy; but by indefatigable diligence she had at last effected her purpose. All the ladies, consequently, loved him, and he loved them all in return. It has been said that once or twice his attachment had even been of more than one month's duration, but never did he impose any constraint upon himself or the object of his affection, by an irksome fidelity. He possessed the nicest powers of perception, whenever any word or look summoned him to victory; but he always had the good manners to pay every attention to the clock, when it announced the hour of parting.

With these qualifications, he was certain of success with the ladies. He paid his devoirs to all, enjoyed all, and was at last tired of all. In one of his moments of torpid satiety, our hero had returned home before supper. Happy is he who feels the time less oppressive when at home—she belongs to the better kind of men. Our young count threw himself upon the sofa, stretched his limbs, yawned, &c. Suddenly it occurred to him that he was married. No wonder that he should have forgotten it, since he himself only just now recollected it.

"Appropos," said he, and rung the bell—a servant entered.

"Go to your mistress and ask if I may have the pleasure of seeing her."

The servant listened attentively, not believing the testimony of his own ears. The count repeated his orders, which the servant at length obeyed, shaking his head as he went. The countess was the amiable daughter of a country gentleman—she was a flower which from the pressure of the court atmosphere, drooped, but did not quite wither; to avoid ennui she had no resource but to swim with the tide of high life. She and her husband sometimes met—they never avoided or never courted, each other's society—Before marriage they had seen little of each other, and after it they had no time to devote to such an employment. There were people enough who shared the count the trouble of admiring his wife's perfections, and if they made no impression on her heart, they at least gratified her vanity.

Her husband's message was delivered to her in a moment, when her state of mind was much the same as his—she knew not what to think of this unexpected visit—she replied, however, that she should be happy to see him. He entered—hoped he was not troublesome; took a chair—made remarks on the weather—and recounted the news of the day. The conversation, as far as related to the subjects of it, was quite common, but his vivacity, and Amelia's genius, inspired it with interest. The time passed they knew not how; the count looked at his watch—was surprised to find it so late, and requested permission to sup with his wife.

"With all my heart," replied Amelia, "if you can be content with my homely fare."

Supper was brought—they ate, and were merry, without being noisy. This calm pleasure possessed them the charm of novelty; they were both pleasant without wishing to appear so, as in generally the case with most people. They were quite new acquaintances—the hours flew swiftly away, and the time for retiring to rest being arrived, the count took leave of the countess, highly pleased with his visit.

The next day he was invited to a concert, and did not learn, till it was late, that one of the virtuosos being ill, the concert was deferred. How was he to pass the tedious evening? He

inquired, as he passed, after his wife, and was informed that she was somewhat indisposed.

"Well," thought he, "common civility requires that I should wait upon her, and ask her personally how she does."

He sent a message, requesting that he might be allowed to sit with her till supper, and was very politely received. He was cheerful, lively and gallant. The supper hour arrived, and this time Amelia begged him to stay. He had been invited to a casino party after the concert, notwithstanding which he remained with his wife, and their conversation was quite as pleasant, and less reserved than that of the preceding visit.

"Do you know," said Amelia, "that the party to which you were invited would find a little trouble in discovering the cause of your absence?"

He smiled, and paused for a few moments.

"I must tell you something of confidence," he began at length, while he was playing with his fork, "something which you will perhaps think rather candid than gallant; you cannot imagine how much you are improved since your marriage."

"My marriage," answered Amelia, in a jocular tone, "I believe it took place about the same time as your own."

"Very true, my lady," replied he, "but it is inconceivable how so happy an alteration can have taken place in you. At that time—pardon me—you had so much rustic bashfulness, it is scarcely possible to recognize you—your genius no longer the same, even your features are improved."

"Well, my lord," replied the countess, "with-out wishing to return the compliment, all that you have said of me I have thought of you. But upon my word," added she, "it is well that no one hears us, for it almost seems that we were making love."

The dialogue continued long in the same style, till Amelia at length looked at her watch, and in a fascinating tone, remarked that it was late.

The count arose unwillingly, slowly took his leave, and as slowly retired to the door—suddenly he again turned round.

"My lady," said he, "I find it very tedious to breakfast alone—I may be allowed to take my chocolate with you?"

"If you please," answered Amelia, and they parted still more pleased with each other.

The next morning it occurred to the count that these frequent visits to his wife might give rise to scandalous reports. He then desired his valet not to mention the circumstance to any one. He then put on an elegant morning gown, and went slowly over to Amelia.

Amelia had just risen in the most cheerful humor. The bloom upon her cheek rivalled the blush of morning. She was animated, and witty—in short, she was enchanting, and her husband, in an hour, discovered how much pleasanter it was to breakfast in company, than to sit alone and opposite a glass gazing at his person, and looking into his yawning mouth.

"Why don't you come here, every day," said Amelia, "if my company is pleasant to you?"

He answered that he feared his presence might prevent the visits of others.

"I shall miss you no more," replied she, "as long as you indemnify me by your society."

"Upon my word," said the count, "I have more than once wished that I was not your ladyship's husband."

"Why so?" demanded Amelia.

"That I might be allowed to tell you," returned he, "how much I loved you."

"Oh! tell me so, I pray," cried she, "if only for the sake of novelty."

"Fear not," answered the count, "I hope, my lady, I shall never so far forget myself, but we have had, I think, two very agreeable tête-à-tête at supper—how if this evening you will allow me a third?"

"With all my heart," answered the countess.

The appointment was on both sides exactly adhered to. Their conversation was this time less lively, less brilliant—they gazed at each other often, and spoke less; the heart began to assert its influence, and even arrived so far that they once, during a pause, involuntarily squeezed each other's hand across the table, although the servants were still in the room. Who could have believed it!

Amelia very plainly perceived that it was late, but she did not look at her watch. Her husband made not the slightest effort to depart; he complained that he was somewhat tired but not sleepy. In a word, from this day they parted in the morning instead of midnight, because they were then both ready to breakfast together.

The count, enchanted with his new conquest, eloped with Amelia into the country, where they, with astonishment, discovered that the theater of nature and the concert of the nightingales surpassed all other theatres and concerts. They at first thought of staying only a few days—every morning they intended to depart, and every evening they changed their intentions. When autumn, however, approached, they returned to Vienna. The same evening they went to the play, and our hero had the courage to sit in the same box with Amelia.

Who could have believed it! To such a dreadful extent may a man be led by one thoughtless step. Ye happy husbands in high life, take warning by the mournful example of our count!

### "WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE."

The most beautiful and affectionate song of the present day is "Woodman spare that Tree." It was written by Col. George P. Morris, and is founded upon the following interesting occurrence:

"There was a family of opulence residing in the country, not a great distance from New York. It consisted of the parents and a large number of sons and daughters, all united together by those golden ties which no one but a parent, a brother, a sister, or a daughter can feel. They possessed every thing requisite, to ensure happiness—their home was an earthly paradise, their hearts the seat of ardent love for one another, and of generous, noble friendship for others. There seemed nothing wanting to perfect their

community. Their pecuniary circumstances were such, that they could indulge freely in the luxury of administering comfort and happiness to the poverty-stricken and miserable. The naked were clothed, and the hungry were fed; not with that ostentation which exacts the admiration of a gazing world, but with that kindness and self satisfaction which is the characteristic of noble soul. Their acts of generosity were performed for the satisfaction of doing good. And when they had alleviated the distress of one who was almost crushed by the heavy hand of poverty, they experienced that jubilee within the heart which none but the truly generous can feel.

Their intercourse with one another was also of the happiest kind. It was the desire of each member of the family, to contribute to the happiness of all the others in preference to their own. Sincerity, brotherly and parental affection, filled their bosoms to overflowing.

But this little paradise was not long to last. The generosity of the old gentleman compelled him to assist his friends by way of endorsement, and their failures swept away every farthing of his earthly riches. The depriving him of his noble farm, his lovely cottage, and the beautiful verdant and lofty trees, that surrounded it, was the ill reward of his disinterested friendship.

And to be compelled to give up all these—surroundings those majestic trees, under whose shade he had passed so many pleasant hours with his excellent family, and under whose protection, as it were, his children had been reared, was a hardship which the philosophy of few men could endure.

Little circumstances in the history of his children had endeavored every tree and indeed every shrub to his heart. But they must all be abandoned, and this happy community, which was linked together by the strongest ties of the human heart, must be torn asunder and scattered to the four winds of heaven.

By exposing ourselves in an attempt to rescue a friend, we are occasionally drawn into the whirlpool and destroyed; better it should be so, than stand coldly by and witness the last struggle without making an effort to save.

This misfortune dispersed them in different directions. Some went to reside with their friends and others to seek their fortunes in distant climes. But the destroyer of life soon swept away, one by one, the whole family, but the youngest son. He went to the South, and by industry and perseverance gained a fortune. He then returned to his old home, determined to possess himself of the "home of his childhood."

But it was so situated that he could not. He gazed longingly upon those venerable trees that were planted and nourished by the kind hand of his father. He longed upon the green grass beneath their shade as he was wont to do in boyhood; but there were no brothers there indulging in their boyish sports, nor sisters to sweeten the scene with their pure feelings, gushing forth in innocent, rapturous laughter; no mother to watch them with a tear of pleasure in her eye, nor father, whose

"Knee they climbed the verdant hill to share." And he turned with a melancholy heart and left the spot. And though this can hardly be said to have given him pleasure, he determined to make a periodical pilgrimage to this hallowed place.

He took lodgings in New York, and visited the ground periodically. At one time when he was on his way he called upon Col. Morris to accompany him. The Colonel complied with his request, and when they had arrived within sight of the trees that surrounded the old cottage, they saw a woodman standing near the roots of the noblest and most venerable one, sharpening his axe. The stranger put spurs to his horse, and rode swiftly up to the woodman, and accosted him thus:

"What are you going to do?"

"I intend to cut down this tree!" replied the woodman.

"I want it for firewood,"

"If you want firewood," said the stranger, "why do you not go to yonder forest and let this old oak stand?"

"You see I am an old man," replied the woodman, "and I have not strength to bring my wood so far."

"If I will give you enough money to have as much wood brought to your door as this tree will make, will you forever let it stand?"

The woodman answered "yes." They executed a bond, that the tree should remain, and the stranger turned to Colonel Morris and said, with a generous tear sparkling in his eyes,

"In youth I sheltered me, and I'll protect it now."

It affected Col. M. deeply as it would every man who had a heart capable of feeling, and he returned home and wrote the following exquisite lines:

Woodman spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough,  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now!

'Twas my father's hand  
That placed it near his cot,  
Then, Woodman, let it stand,  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree!  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea,  
And would'st thou hack it down?

Woodman, forbear that stroke!  
Cut not its earth-bound ties,  
Oh! spare that aged oak,  
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,  
I sought its grateful shade,  
To all their gathering joy  
There too my brothers played,  
My mother kissed me here;  
My father pressed my hand,  
Forgive this foolish song,  
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,  
Close as thy bark, old friend!  
Here shall the wild bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend.  
Old trees thy storm still brave!  
And Woodman, leave the spot,  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

Xenocrates divided each day into several parts for various employments, assigning one to silence, wherein to study what to say.

Diligence puts almost everything in our power, and will in time, make even children capable

## Grins of Thought.

—Where loaves there is no labor, and if there is labor, the labor is loved.

—Wisdom is better without an inheritance, than an inheritance without wisdom.

—If you spend the day profitably, you will have cause to rejoice in the evening.

—As many days as we pass without doing some good, are so many days entirely lost.

—A seasonable gathering, and a reasonable spending, make a good house keeping.

—Aristippus said, he liked no pleasure but that which concerned a man's true happiness.

—There are few who know how to be idle and innocent. By doing nothing we learn to do ill.

—He that would have his business well done, must either do it himself, or see to the doing of it.

—The shortest way to be rich is not by enlarging our estates, but by contracting our desires.

—The great are under as much difficulty to expend with pleasure as the mean to labor with success.

—Rather pay wages to a servant than accept the offered help of occasional attendants—such are never paid.

—There is no man but hath a soul; and if he will look carefully to that, he need not complain for want of business.

—Rise early to your business, learn good things and oblige good men; These are three things you shall never repent.

—A wise man will dispose of time past to observation and reflection; time present to duty; and time to come to Providence.

—Forsake the world before it forsake thee; and do all things to be agreeable to God, before thou come before him.

—Live so, that when death comes you may embrace like friends, not encounter like enemies.

—I advise thee to visit thy relations and friends; but I advise thee not to live too near them.

—There is no man so contemptible, but in distress requires pity. It is inhuman to be altogether insensible of another's misery.

—Conquer your own passions; it will be more glorious for you to triumph over your own heart, than it would be to take a citadel.

—The Egyptians, at their feasts, to prevent excesses, sat a skeleton before their guests, with this motto, "Remember, ye must shortly be such."

—An inviolable fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper in a wife, cultivate all the charms of a fine face, and make the decay of it invisible.

—There is but one solid pleasure in life, and that is our duty. How miserable then, how unwise, how unpardonable are they who make that one a pain.

## Ladies' Department.

C. Chaney Burr says in the Home Journal, "I never kiss and tell," in numbers so musical they sing themselves:

I kissed a maid the other night,  
But who she is I may not tell;  
Her eyes were as the diamonds bright,  
And soft as those of Isabel—  
But I never kiss and tell.

Her breast a bank of virgin snow,  
Whereon no thought of sin should dwell—  
Her voice was very sweet and low,  
And like the voice of Isabel—  
But I never kiss and tell.

Her lips as cherries sweet and red,  
And she was shy as a gazelle;  
She kissed me back—and then she fled,  
Just like our charming Isabel—  
But I never kiss and tell.

### A Wife's Influence.

Judge O'Neal, in the Yorkville Enquirer, tells the following of Judge William Smith, of South Carolina:

"He had the rare blessing to win the love of one of the purest, mildest, and best women, whose character has ever been present to the writer."

He married Margaret Duff. In his worst days, he never upbraided him by word, look or gesture, but always met him as if he was one of the kindest and best of husbands. This course on her part humbled him, and made him weep like a child.

This sentence, it is hoped, will be remembered as the language of Judge Smith to the friend already named, and to those who know the stern unbending public character of the Judge, it will teach a lesson of how much a patient woman's love can accomplish. He was at last reformed by an instance of her patient love and devotion, as he himself told it:

"The evening before the Return Day of the Court of Common Pleas for York District, a client called with fifty writs to be put in suit. Mr. Smith was not in his office—he was on what is now fashionably called a spree, then a frolic."

Mrs. Smith received the writs, and sat down in the office to the work of issuing the writs and processes. She spent the night at work—Mr. Smith in "riotous living." At daylight, on his way home from his carousals, he saw a light in his office, and stepped in, and to his great surprise saw his amiable wife, who had just completed what ought to have been his work, with her head on the table and asleep. His entry awoke her. She told him what she had done, and showed him her night's work—fifty writs and processes. This bowed the strong man, he fell on his knees, implored her pardon, and then and there faithfully promised her never to drink another drop while he lived. This promise, says my friend Col. Williams, he faithfully kept, and said the judge to him, from that day, everything which I touched turned to gold. His entire success in life, says Col. Williams, he set down to his faithful observance of this noble promise.

"No better engorgement could be pronounced on Mrs. Smith than has just been given in the words of her distinguished husband. The reformation of such a man as William Smith is a chapter of

vear. To the people of South Carolina, and especially of York District, certainly no stronger argument in favor of temperance, total abstinence, need be given."

### Veils versus Bonnets.

The editor of the Utica, N. Y., Herald now abroad writes from Genoa, thus:

It is sometimes pleasant to have a bad memory. Thus, although I had read I presume fifty times that the ladies of Genoa wear veils instead of bonnets, I had quite forgotten all about it, and the phenomenon struck me with all the pleasant force of a new revelation. It was something quite novel and sensational to find troops of beautiful women, elegantly dressed, promenading the streets with their long, airy, white veils, that seem rather to flutter over than touch the head and then drop wily down over the shoulders.

And here I might as well stop to utter my solemn protest against bonnets in general, and those abominable silly French bonnets of the present day in particular. They are the bane and curse of beauty. They make dolls of one half of our women and frights of the other. They act like an eclipse upon a beautiful face obscuring one half its loveliness. I wonder the veil has not become universal. It is incomparably the most becoming and tasteful head-dress in existence. It brightens beauty, it softens homeliness, it gives character to the most common place of faces. Beneath its wavy folds deformity itself loses half its repulsiveness. In addition to all, it gives a certain coquettishness to appearance to the wearer, which, deny it, pray old bachelors as we will, constitutes one of the crowning charms of the softer sex. But the gallineries are against me, and I know that my preaching is vain.

### A FINE LADY.—D'Israeli once wrote of a certain fine lady:

"She had certainly some qualities to shine in a fashionable circle. She had plenty of apathy, was tolerably illiterate, was brilliantly vain, and ferociously capricious; acquainted with every one, and diffused universal smiles."

### Descriptive.

#### A GLANCE AT JAPAN.

[Correspondence of the Boston Herald.]  
The city of Hakodadi contains about four thousand houses, with a population of about 30,000 on the island. The city is not so well laid out as Nagasaki, the people are not so tidy, nor do they show that disposition to be social that their neighbors of Nagasaki and Simoda did. They appear to be a much more ignorant class of beings also. Their streets are wide and kept tolerably clean; the houses are one and two stories in height, a very few of which are painted, the outside being covered over with the bark of trees, which answers for shingles and clapboards; the roofs are covered with thin strips of boards which are secured in their places by large numbers of heavy paving or cobble stones.

The lower stories of nearly all these houses are occupied as shops for all varieties of trade. Their bazaars are not so richly filled as those at the other ports. They have a large number of temples, large and small, all of which are well ornamented with gold, silver, etc., with plenty of idols to worship. We were permitted to enter any of these temples by taking off our shoes before crossing the threshold. This being the custom of the country, we certainly could not object.

The people here dress precisely like their neighbors. The mandarins and officials all go armed with two swords—the long and short one; the police are very numerous, being stationed at every few rods apart; the dogs are as thick as flies around a molasses barrel in August, and are half bull, and go where you will your arrival is sure to be announced by their tremendous yellings and barking. They smell out a stranger as soon as he lands, and their barking calls out the people who come running from their houses and shops to gaze upon a white-faced Yankee.

The dirty children look, are frightened, and run away from us yelling and screaming as hideously as the canine race. President Buchanan never had more to look at him, at one time, than myself and friend when we visited the city of Hakodadi. As we walked through the streets, we were honored with admiring crowds on either side, and from their smiles we concluded that they liked our appearance, and especially our long whiskers. We met with no opposition, but were permitted to go where we pleased unmolested.

The governor of the island resides in the city. His palace is a plain building, surrounded on two sides by two high green banks and a large number of ornamental trees, and is approached by a neat and wide gravelled walk. His excellency, at times, is very stubborn, owing to the fact that he is too fond of his drops. He, at first, undertook to put us to some little inconvenience in respect to provisions when we first arrived here, but, finding that he had woke up a hard customer in our captain, he became quite docile, and has since shown us every attention.

We visited Mr. Rice a few days ago with nine guns, the report of which awoke the governor, and from his good conduct since, we have been led to believe that he does not like the sound of Uncle Sam's blacklegs.

The harbor of Hakodadi is very large and spacious—probably the best in the world—and is capable of accommodating a very large amount of shipping, and is protected from all dangers by high hills on all sides. Every thing even to the provisions purchased to eat on board ship, has to pass through the hands of the custom-house officials, and pay an export duty. For a Mexican dollar they allow us three of their dollars, worth about ninety-six cents.

There are no places of amusement here, and one or two visits on shore are quite sufficient to see all of the wonders of this part of Japan. Rum is quite plenty, and can be had for twenty-five cents per gallon, but the smell of it is enough

to procure beef for the ship's use three times a week, but vegetables are scarce, although Mr. Rice has imported some California potatoes, and the natives have planted large fields of them.

The harvesting of these potatoes this fall will decide how they will yield in this part of the world. String beans, radishes, and cucumbers are the only vegetables we have been able to obtain. Fruit is very scarce. The winters here are cold, and considerable snow falls. The junks which trade among the islands are very numerous, and fill up the harbor near the town. The most notable objects of interest that I have seen here are a number of Kuriles, the hardest-looking set of human beings I ever beheld. They are of short stature, thick set, with hair and whiskers extending down to the middle of their persons; have very large eyes, and long ears and noses. Their home is on the island of Yeso, one of the group, where they are thirty thousand strong. They are very ignorant, and have no idea of any other part of the world but their island.

The "lighting" is roarin', the tender is flashin',  
Or, what is a good—place open the door,  
Nor dreams that you're sure of enough detection—  
I never did hear, since the day I was small.

Thin upon the window, my queen as affection,  
Or, what is a good—place open the door,  
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Thin upon the window, my queen as affection,  
Or, what is a good—place open the door,  
Nor dreams that you're sure of enough detection—  
I never did hear, since the day I was small.











